

# Lucky Man

Gregorian

He had white horses  
And ladies by the score  
All dressed in satin  
And waiting by the door

Oooh, what a lucky man he was  
Oooh, what a lucky man he was

White lace and feathers  
They made up his bed  
A gold covered matterss  
An which he was laid

Oooh, what a lucky man he was  
Oooh, what a lucky man he was

He went to fight wars  
For his country and his king  
Of his honor and his glory  
The people would sing

Oooh, what a lucky man he was  
Oooh, what a lucky man he was

A bullet had found him  
His blood ran as he cried  
No money could save him  
So he laid down and died

Oooh, what a lucky man he was  
Oooh, what a lucky man he was